Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall downe
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did uſurpe his backe?
Forgiveneſſe horſe; why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe
And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer ſtay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*

Keep. My Lord wilt pleaſe you to fall too?

Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Percy* of Exton,
Who lately came from th King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The divell take *Henry* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtaid and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes death in this rude aſſault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths inſtrument,
Goe thou, and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is up on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downeward here to dye.

Ex. As full of valour as of Royall blood.
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King ile beare,
Take hence the reſt; and give them buriall here. *Exit.*

Scæna

Scæna Quinta.

Flouriſh, Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords, and Attendants.

Bul. Vncle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

VVelcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Nor. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſtate, wiſh I all happineſſe:
The next newes is, I have to London ſent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.

Bul. We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

Bul. Thy paines *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and Carlile.

Per. The grand conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
VVith clog of conſcience, and ſowre melancholly,
Hath yeilded up his body to the graue,
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.

Bul. Carlile, this is your doome:
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend roome
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy ſelfe:
So as thou liv'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:

For